THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXVII. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, FEBRUARY 15, 1917 No. 7

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room
2223 Allerton st.

ABRAHAM'S TENT.

An aged man came to Abraham's tent.
The sky was dark, and all the plain was bare.
He asked for bread; his strength was well-nigh spent,
His haggard look implored the tenderest care.
The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes,
But spake no grace, nor bowed he toward the East.
Safe sheltered here from dark and angry skies,
The bounteous table seemed a royal feast.
But ere his hand had touched the tempting fare
The Patriarch rose, and, leaning on his rod—
"Stranger,' he said, "dost thou not bow in prayer?
Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship God?"
He answered, "Nay."The Patriarch sadly said:
"Thou hast my pity. Go, eat not my bread."
Another came that wild and fearful night.
The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the sky;
But all the tent was filled with wondrous light,
And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh.
"Where is that aged man," the Presence said,
"That asked for shelter from the driving blast?
Who made thee master of thy Master's bread?
What right hadst thou the wanderer forth to cast?"
"Forgive me, Lord," the Patriarch answer made,
With downcast look, with bowed and trembling knee.
"Ah me! the stranger might with me have stayed,
But, O my God, he would not worship Thee."
"I've borne him long," God said, "and still I wait;
Couldst thou not lodge him one night within thy gate?"

Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

$1.50 per year.

Published weekly at 45 Ecker St., San Francisco. Entered at post office in San Francisco as 2nd-class matter.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed)

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PROHIBITION MARCHING ON.

Indiana and Utah have not waited for the people to vote out the saloons by the slow process of a constitutional amendment but have enacted laws which will banish them much more speedily.

In Indiana the lower house of the legislature passed the proposed measure by a vote of seventy-eight for to twenty-eight against; and in the senate the vote was twenty-eight for and eleven against. The anti-saloon forces were not counting on so strong a vote in their favor, and are jubilant over the outcome. The law goes into effect on the second of April, 1918. It is no "April Fool" day affair. It means not only the death of the saloon in Indiana but it forms aother link in the chain that is being made that will soon bind the rum demon in unbreakable bonds and cast him out of the entire nation forever.

The Utah law will give the saloons a lease of life only up to August, 1917. This law, although a drastic one, prohibiting the manufacture, sale and possession of liquor except for sacramental purposes, was passed by the house with only one dissenting vote and by the senate unanimously.

The legislature adopted also a resolution asking Congress to submit an amendment to the national constitution at the earliest possible date.

The legislaure of Wyoming is now considering two prohibitory propositions—one to make the state dry by a law to take effect the first of next January; the other a constitutional amendment to be voted on by the people, and which if adopted would take effect the first of January, 1919.

The Indiana law will close thirty-five hundred saloons. It is predicted by anti-saloon workers that the enactment of this law in Indiana makes certain a victory in Ohio at the November election.

A BOOK THAT IS CLAIMING ATTENTION.

A few days ago forty-nine copies of Sir Oliver Lodge's recent book, "Raymond, or Life and Death" were to be seen in the window of one department store in San Francisco, and the book was on sale in all the stores carrying books. Last week The Pacfiic stated that there was nothing in the book that could not be accounted for on the theory of telepathy from the living. We did not say that there was considerable in it so far-fetched as to discredit other more reasonable parts of it. But this is a fact. For example, Raymond Lodge, the departed son, is reported as telling his father one day that a chap had come over not long before who wanted a cigar; that they have laboratories over there in which are manufactured all sorts of things, out of essences and ethers and gases. Accordingly they were able to manufacture for the new arrival what looked like a cigar. "But when he began to smoke it he didn't think much of it. He had four altogether, and now he doesn't look at one.....When they first come they do want things. Some want meat, and some strong drink; they call for whisky sodas. Don't think I'm stretching it when I tell you that they can manufacture even that. But when they have had one or two they don't seem to want it so much."

Another statement is that if anybody is blown to pieces, as so many are in the war, it takes some time for the spirit-body to complete itself, to gather itself all in and be complete.

As to cremation the word is that a body should not be cremated for seven days. He says that they have trouble in getting the spirit-body together if cremation is hurried. It seems to take some time for the spirit to wholly detach itself from the earthly body. If a body is accidentally burned, if they know about it on the other side, a spirit-doctor is on hand to help along this detachment and the trouble thereafter is avoided.

One day Raymond's reported message to his mother was: "You gravitate here to the enes you're fond of Those you're not fond of, if you meet them in the street, you don't bother yourself to say 'how-do-you-do.' "

Again he said: "You gravitate to a place you are fitted for. Mother, there's no judge and jury; you just gravitate, like to like.

At one time he spoke of a place he was very glad he didn't have to go to, remarking: "It's not hell exactly; more like a reformatory. It's a place where you're given a chance; and when you want to look for something better, you're given a chance to have it. They gravitate together, but get so bored. Learn to help yourself and immediately you'll be helped; very like your world; only no unfairness, no injustice—a common law operating for each and every one."

His word is that all go on the astral plane first, though he himself has no remembrance of being on that plane. He seems to be at about what is called the third plane. It is sufficiently near the earth to make it possible to get to those on the earth; and those from the highest stages can come down there to give help.

Raymond, it seems, desired to remain on a plane near the earth so as to help his father in his psychic research work and so to prove immortality.

Raymond is reported as saying to his parents: "Would you think it selfish if I say I wouldn't like to be back now? I wouldn't give this up for anything. Don't think it selfish or that I want to be away from you all. I have still got you, because I feel so close, closer even. I wouldn't come back. I wouldn't for anything that any one could give me." In that connection he remarked, "I want to study things here a lot.

On the 17th of December the record is: "Father, tell mother she has her son with her all day on Christmas Day. There will be thousands and thousands of us back in the homes on that day; but the horrid part is that so many of the fellows don't get welcomed. Please keep a place for me."

Raymond was always a welcome visitor in the Lodge home despite the fact that he made considerable disturbance with the furniture at times. One day a table was determined to edge itself close to the piano, where some music was being perfomed; and this it did though they

kept pulling it back. When the table finally got there and kept bumping against the player a satin cushion was placed against her as a buffer. The table continued to thump and soon made a hole in the cushion.

It is to be hoped our readers will understand the position of The Pacific with respect to these things. Here is a book from one of the men most eminent in the world of science. It can't be ignored. It is being read more widely today in Europe than any other book. It treats of things "beyond the veil"; claims to have actual knowledge of that other plane of existence. All we can do is to report some of its statements, express our lack of credence as to the conclusions and leave others to form their own opinions with respect thereto.

We have before us now a book on "Spiritualism" in which similar phenomena is denounced as of the devil. The day has passed for such utterance as that. It is as Lyman Abbott says in the last number of The Outlook, though not following Lodge to his conclusions: there is in it that which calls for most careful consideration and the best scientific investigation.

DR. DAY'S FINAL SERMON IN CALIFORNIA.

The final sermon by the Rev. Dr. William Horace Day in California on the eve of his departure to take up the work at Bridgeport, Connecticut, was given in the first Congregational Church of Berkeley last Sunday evening.

Remarking that we could not estimate what the pastorates of father and son for nearly a quarter of a century had meant to California, Dr. Brooks called on President Nash of the Pacific School of Religion for some introductory words; and he spoke of Dr. Day's ministry as one of the kind of which we could not have too many. Emphasis was laid on "the all-roundness" of it. He knew his message profoundly, in his own experience; and he knew how to utter it winningly. Sketching what Dr. Day had been in that wide service to which the devoted, capable minister is called, and pointing out how he had been made use of all over the coast where the best things were being put up for the people, especially for the young manhood and young womanhood, Dr. Nash remarked that it was no small gift which California was making to New England.

Dr. Day spoke on "Enlistment for Leadership," having as a text the words to Moses, "Now go, lead the people unto the place of which I have spoken unto thee."

In the first part of the sermon, which considered present day world conditions, it was said that we in this country face a crisis not exceeded any where since that day in Jerusalem when the mob shouted "Crucify him!" The world is at a very critical point in its history. And we as a part of the great world family have our part to perform in this time of turmoil and peril.

President Wilson's recent address on Peace was spoken of as a challenge. Shall it be in the war's outcome a dictated peace or a negotiated peace? The first appeals to the beast rampant in every nation; the second rests on brotherhood.

Here in America today it was pointed out that the trend is toward the militaristic ideal. We stand very near the parting of the ways. There is danger that we be changed from the brother nation into the bully nation.

Our danger with reference to things internal and external in this period of transition, of unsettlement and reshapement, was indicated and it was asked "How shall we meet the crisis? How shall the utter chaos to which at times the world appears to be moving be avoided?"

The answer was that it could be only by the enthronement of the spiritual over the material. It was because of their blind attachment to the material that the nations of Europe were plunged into the appalling war. The need is that the teachings of Jesus be interpreted aright and with effectiveness to the world; and the call is accordingly for an adequate leadership.

The Church is the channel through which this must come. Only through an organized Christianity can we Christianize humanity; and so the word is as of old, "Go, lead the people unto the place of which I have spoken unto thee."

Many young men and young women listened to Dr. Day that evening and must have been impressed by the appeal for that intelligent choice which would make their lives radiating lives, which would fix in their hearts the idea of giving and not that of getting. And mayhap for the first time some saw that there is no line of service quite so royal as that of the ministry and no other place where recruits adequately equipped are now so urgently eneded.

DR. McELVEEN'S INITIAL SERMON ON ONE DAY AS A THOUSAND YEARS AND A THOUSAND YEARS AS ONE DAY.

The Rev. Dr. William T. McElveen of Evanston, Illinois, will occupy the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco two more Sundays. Dr. McElveen's first sermon was on the text, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day." The thought in substance was: God is never in a hurry. His tasks are stupendous, and for their accomplishment there is demanded time beyond man's conception. God will not be speeded up by hustling bustling men. What we call time, duration, doesn't seem to have much significance with God.

As with God, so also with the men who have done great things—they usually have been careless about time. The great men and women have lived in aims or purposes, not in years. With an almost infinite patience, Harvey Palissy, Darwin, and others gave themselves to their tasks as great discoverers.

God himself worked four thousand years to make one nation ready to be the channel of his great revelation; and when the Redeemer came it was not as a full-grown man but as a babe; he passed through childhood and youth into manhood and was here on earth thirty years before he began his ministry. Jesus was just as desirous as any modern reformer to revolutionize the world; but he knew that time was an important factor in real transformations; he knew that the determining desires and motives of men's spirits must be altered, and so he set forth those cardinal principles which when accepted and lived up to would bring the needed changes. Jesus never adopted any high pressure methods for immediate ends, though friends were disturbed because he seemed to let great opportunities slip.

Though it looked then, as it looks now, as if civilization were about to collapse, he took time, and laid enduring foundations.

As we look backward and forward today, we realize that creation is not concluded; nothing is complete; man is not made, he is being made. God is refashioning the world, making life over again all the time, making the world better; but never is it by prodding or rushing. And salvation is a bigger thing than going to heaven or keeping out of hell. It is getting hell out of men here and now.

God is building men and women up in the likeness of Jesus Christ, is transforming the world, and with him a thousand years are as one day.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Rev. Dr. Aked spoke in Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, last Sunday morning on "Abraham Lincoln."

It is worthy of note that Arizona's first Republican Governor takes his seat by virtue of a decision of a Supreme Court composed of Democrats, confirming the verdict of a Democratic State Board of Election Returns. The narrow margin of thirty votes led the former Democratic governor to hope for a different verdict and to hold on to the office in such a manner as to call out considerable criticism.

The Rev. Dr. W. P. Merrill, pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City, declines the call to the presidency of Union Theological Seminary. This church was offered recently two million dollars for its site but has decided to remain where it is. It has an endowment of several hundred thousand dollars, and the aim is to bring this up to one million. For current expenses and benevolences a total of $154,000 was raised last year.

At a recent convention in Chicago a professor in Garrett Biblical Institute said: "The Methodist Church must have one thousand men a year to fill its depleted ranks. Theological institutes provide her with but 150 graduates a year, leaving 850 men each year of good, bad, and indifferent. Fifty per cent of those admitted from year to year are without any education above the high school, while twenty per cent even have gone no higher than the eighth grade."

Preservation of the forests of California and the West as perpetual camping grounds for the whole United States was advocated by Congressman Frederick H. Gillett of Massachusetts in an address delivered at the National Park Conference recently in Washington. He said the climate of Southern California seemed to him the nearest approach to perfection and that he was exasperated to think of the hundreds of millions Americans have spent in Switzerland when nature offers in their own West all of the beauties of Europe. He could think of no more interesting or patriotic project for a public-spirited multi-millionaire than to develop first-class hotels and smooth roads through the picturesque scenery on the Pacific slope.

What the Boston Transcript calls "startling religious conditions" in Ohio were revealed in a report made recently by Secretary Gill of the Commission on Church and Country Life. This is especially so in one southern county. This county had 98 churches in 1883. Since then it has lost 36 of them, eight being losses of the last year. Church membership has steadily declined at a much greater rate than the slight decline in population. The 60 churches remaining have a total budget of only $8000. There are almost no resident ministers in the county and some of the ministers try to serve as high as ten churches."The religion prevalent in this county," said Gill, "is a travesty on the teachings of Jesus Christ, being merely emotionalism and excitement without direct result upon the moral and everyday life of the people. There have been 1500 revivals here in the last thirty years, and yet disease, ignorance, vote selling and poverty are prevalent, and on the increase." There are more than 6000 churches in the 1200 rural townships in Ohio, or a church to every 280 persons. More than 4000 of these churches have a membership of less than 100, and about two-thirds of the churches in rural Ohio are without a resident minister. Secretary Gill said that more than 5000 of the rural churches in Ohio are without the undivided services of a minister; more than 2200 churches have only one-fourth of a minister's service or less, more than 3300 have only one-third of a minister's service or less, while more than 700 have no part of a minister's service.

"PROPHET OF BROTHERLY LOVE."

That is what The Continent calls the Rev. Dr. Robert F. Coyle—"Prophet of Brotherly Love," and thereunder writes:

"A Christian democrat in all reality was Dr. Robert Francis Coyle, former moderator of Presbyterian General Assembly, whose death in the midst of a happy pastorate at Los Angeles followed close after his preaching a sermon for the outgoing year from the text: Now my days are swifter than a post. Sooner than any other eminent pastor in his own denomination—sooner than all but a very few in any of the denominations—Dr. Coyle bore an impassioned witness to the necessity of cleansing the church absolutely white from the suspicion of being a class institution for the benefit of the wealthy and the privileged.

"Preaching in the influential pulpit of his former charge—the great and sumptuous Central church on Capitol Hill in Denver—he proclaimed with authoritative power his conviction that nothing but actual and liberal Christian brotherhood, reaching across every line of caste or clan to the ultimate bounds of human life, could save either church or society from disaster. The timidities and questionings of ecclesiasticism tried his temper, but he proved by experience that a brave voice saying God's truth about the solidarity of mankind would not anger but would persuade and dominate lay leaders of the active world who are supposed to have most stake in maintaining social conditions just as they are.

"He did change the thinking of men—in Denver, in the church throughout the nation, in widely extended circles of business and industrial administration. And when the whole church gets on—as it is today, thank the Lord, rapidly advancing—to a clear cut counsel of duty touching the brotherhood of the strong and successful toward the hampered and weak, it will certainly remember Dr. Coyle as early and powerful among the prophets who painted the way thither. There were many other elements of greatness in him, but this, The Continet believes, is the token by which he will live most powerfully in long years to come."

THE GREATEST NEED IN ALL THE WORLD.

"Not even the children are left—all the little ones under seven years of age have gone." These are the words of Ignace J. Paderewski, written of his beloved and sorely stricken Poland. Think of a nation without little children! Was ever anything sadder in all history? Cardinal Mercier of Belgium, writing of Poland, recently said: "Their need is greater than ours." A member of the Commission for Belgian Relief stated in New York the other day that Poland's need is the greatest of all. He visited most of the stricken countries, on both sides of he conflict, in the middle of 1916.

As yet little has been done for Polish Relief. The Jews in America have done nobly. Much of the money raised by them for Jewish relief has gone to Jews in Poland, though this has been wholly inadequate to meet the need. Aside from Jewish effort comparatively little has been done. The Polish Victims' Relief Fund is doing excellent work. It has raised over $700,000 at an administrative expense of less than three per cent. Mr. Paderewski is chairman. Mr. W. O. Gorski, the stepson of the artist,

is secretary. It is understood that Mr. Paderewski has contributed approximately $150,000 personally and by means of benefit concerts. "Eleven million out of twenty million remain alive in Poland, helpless women, sad-eyed older girls and boys, peasant workmen, bowed with age, homeless, driven into the open, wandering dazed through the woods, creeping into hollows for rest under the stars, hungry, sick, weary, worn, racked with the struggle, subsisting on the bark of trees, on roots torn from the earth, and on the slight help the palsied hand of charity of others of their own people can give them, and the comparatively slight help from other nations. This is Poland today!"

AMERICANS AND JAPANESE—COULD THEY LEARN ANYTHING FROM ONE ANOTHER?

In his address last Sunday evening in Plymouth Church, Oakland, on "The Americans and the Japanese," the Rev. Albert W. Palmer said in part:

Japan has turned to America as a trusted teacher in the past, founding her school system on American models and adopting many American ways and ideas. She has still to learn the necessity of the more thorough education and political emancipation of women and the importance of better labor legislation and social control of industry.

But the thing most vital to us is that he Japanese should come to understand our reason for dreading the unresricted immigration of Orientals to the Pacific Coast. That reason is two-fold. First of all economic—the Oriental laborer introduces a wage scale and standard of living which crowds the American working man to the wall. This is the secret of the consistent opposition of organized labor to Oriental immigration. It is economic, not racial in its cause. The second reason is racial—not that any question of superiority or inferiority is involved, but simply that the problem of amalgamation is much greater between white and Oriental populations than between even the most divergent members of the white race. No people ought to be received faster than they can be absorbed into our national life. Japan certainly would not wish such a condition forced upon her, and by taken of the Golden Rule will not desire to force such a condition on us.

On the other hand Americans have much to learn from the Japanese;

1. A higher appreciation of the Japanese character—its feeling for beauty in nature and art, its heroic loyalty, its zeal for learning. If its reputation for commercial integrity has not been equally high, it should be remembered that in old days the soldier ranked above the merchant. Consequently soldierly virtues above commercial virtues, and it should be noted that under modern conditions the standard of commercial integrity is rising.

2. A deeper understanding of Japanese history, and especially of the transformation of the last sixty years. The Japanese are not an ignorant barbaric people who have suddenly pushed themselves forward through a clever but shallow facility in imitation. Sixty years ago they were a great and civilized people—but their civilizaton, whch had developed in solitude for 300 years, was not geared up to the standards of the rest of the world. The capacity the Japanese have shown to re-model almost all their life and organization to meet the standards of the outside world most impressively demonstrates how great this nation really is.

3. Americans also need to require a sympathetic understanding of the problems Japan faces today. The problem of securing respect from the European nations, so that she should not be treated like Burmah or China or India, she solved by winning the war against Russia. But her present problem is how to care for her rapidly increasing population, which now numbers 55,000,000 people in a country the size of California, with no greater tillable area. Imagine a nation of 55,000,000 crowded into California! Then you will understand why Japan must push her industrial development and why she risked her life in the Russo-Japanese war to secure an outlet into Korea and Manchuria.

4. A fourth thing which we Americans need to learn is to adjust our dealings with the Japanese to their sensitive feelings of honor and dignity. Being a sensitive people ourselves, we ought to recognize the importance of this more completely than we have in the past. What the Japanese object to is not that they are excluded, but that they are discriminated against, treated differently from other nations. It is sometimes pointed out that, since Japan herself imposes severe restrictions on foreigners owning land, she out not to object to our restrictions. But the point is that the Japanese restrictions affect all foreigners alike, while ours do not. How would we feel if Japan had one law for English, Germans, French—but another and much more rigorous law for Americans? No high-spirited and sensitive people can tolerate such discrimination without protest—we ourselves would be the last to do so.

Moreover, this irritating and short-sighted treatment of the Japanese is unnecessary. The protection of the Coast from Oriental inundation can be secured without it. Sidney Gulick's suggestion about our immigration laws is an admirable one. Let the number of immigrants for every nation be restricted to say 5% annually of the total number from that nation already in America. This would be treating all nations alike, and at the same time allow only a relatively small immigration from the Orient—one that would menace neither labor conditions nor American institutions.

But even this much of a concession may not be necessary. It is entirely possible by treaty or by the "gentleman's agreement" now in operation to keep out immigration of Japanese labor indefinitely. There are very good reasons why the Japanese government would prefer its people should go elsewhere than to America where they are beyond its control. For the Japanese government, by mutual agreement to keep its laborers from coming to America, is a perfectly dignified and self-respecting thing for it to do. For it to tamely submit to American laws which exclude its citizens from privileges freely granted to citizens of other countries inferior to Japan in power, wealth and education, is obviously impossible.

ANTI-JAPANESE LEGISLATION POSTPONED BUT QUESTION NOT SETTLED.

Presumably the anti-Japanese legislation proposed recently in Oregon and Idaho will be considered at a later date. In view of this probability the following comments by two leading daily papers in the East may be of value.

The New York Post remarked:

"It was inconcevable that in a time of crisis like the present any State or section of this country would be guilty of adding to the anxieties of the nation and to the burdens of the Administration by such action as the proposed anti-Japanese legislation in Idaho and Oregon threatened. It is gratifying to record that both States have lost no time in doing their duty by killing the obnoxious measures. What

happened in the Far West is not really a case of putting local prejudice above the national necessity. It is rather an illustration of parochialism here in the East. These measures have no doubt been under consideration for some time in Idaho and Oregon, but have aroused no attention elsewhere because they had not yet led to a crisis; it is the crisis that makes good newspaper copy. The sudden danger as regards Germany, by turning people's minds to all the possibilities involved in war, threw Idaho and Oregon into sudden relief."

The Boston Transcript considered the matter more at length, saying:

"While we have been discussing the ultimatum to Germany, we have apparently received one from Japan. The lower house of the Idaho legislature has passed a bill barring Japanese—not by name, but by such specification that the provision is known to be directed against them—from land ownership in the State; and Senator Borah telegraphs to the Governor of Idaho that Secretary Lansing, calling at his residence in Washington, has informed him that the Japanese Government 'fears that the enactment of such legislation at this time may so incense the Japanese people as to force the Government in self-preservation to signify a willingness to register by force of arms its protest against the Idaho bill.' Stripped of its indirections, the message of the Japanese Government, thus conveyed, amounts to this: 'Pass this bill, and we shall have to go to war against the United States.' It is a very sharp and positive warning, as well as a most extraordinary one, and that it is regarded as serious at Washington is shown by Secretary Lansing's hasty personal visit to Senator Borah's house. At the same time, a similar bill is before the Oregon legislature, but through good advice has been held up.

"The natural impulse of any American legislator, under such a threat as that employed in the Idaho case, would be, we imagine, to vote for the bill . There is an element of very haughty bluff in the threat which Mr. Borah has received. It implies, of course, that Japan has only to threaten war to get all she wants; that merely to "signify a willingness" to fight is enough to influence the legislation of any American State. It may be that it is so, but if it is a fact, it is not a welcome one to the American public. Nor does the haste of the Japanese Government to announce its 'fears' in so bellicose a way contribute to the ease of controlling Idaho's legislation in this respect. And yet we are quite sure that the crisis will be met in some peaceful way. What California and Oregon have done, Idaho may well enough do. Some way is generally found, since men are reasonable after all, to prevent the States of the Union from nullifying the treaties into which the United States has entered; and our treaty with Japan binds us to treat Japanese subjects on an equality with the subjects of all other nations—a thing which is hardly done when a State Legislature deprives a Japanese subject of a right of land ownership which other aliens posses. We cannot blame the Japanese for insisting upon the letter or their treaty, though we have a right to complain of the bullying tone of this particular message and the selection of this particular and disturbed moment for its presentation.

"The threat conveyed to Senator Borah is probably of the nature of bluff. Japan is in no economic position to go to war, even with so ill-prepared a nation as the United States, at the present time. It is not likely that even the bellicose premier, Terauchi, wants to go to war. But the situation created by the threat reminds us anew that there must be some more practicable relation between States of the American Union and the nation, as affecting the rights and privileges of aliens, than any that we have at present. At no time have the States delegated to Congress the power to regulate questions of land ownership within their borders, and powers not so delegated are reserved to the States, or to the people. But at the same time, the Constitution provides that treaties made by the United States shall be the supreme law of the land. There is a logical conflict between the two terms or conditions of the organic law. Foreign nations, naturally, cannot look to the States, but must depend on the United States Government to enforce its own treaties. But pending the adoption of any State legislation which they regard as in conflict with the treaty, it seems ungracious, and is certainly unconciliatory, to threaten war. Americans are, by the way, already barred from the full privilege of land ownership in Japan There is no western country in which aliens have such scant privileges as they have in Japan. But the exclusion from which Americans suffer there is not discriminatory; it is against all aliens alike. The intrusion of this difficulty ma yyet force the United States to decree a similarly general prohibition against all alien land ownership."

TOLSTOI'S REMARKABLE VISION.

In August, 1914, The Pacific published Tolstoi's remarkable vision. The Boston Transcript published it about that time, and last week, responding to repeated requests, printed it again, remarking that since that date it has been realized with astonishing fidelity.

Perhaps not many readers of The Pacific have preserved the article, and we therefore print it again, with a brief preliminary statement.

In 1910 the Czarina of Russia invited a niece of Tolstoi's to visit her at the summer palace at Peterhof, and stated during the visit that the Czar had expressed a wish for the visit in order that some direct message might be secured from Count Tolstoi for the German Kaiser and the King of England. The Czar said that a note to that effect had come from the King and the Kaiser, and that though it was strange that it should come he was inclined to humor them. The message was to be something Tolstoi had never published before and something that he was not likely to publish on his own initiative.

A week later, when the woman called on her grand-uncle and spoke of her errand, he exclaimed, "Very strange!" And said further: "I would be glad to send a message to royalty; but the trouble with me is that I have written all my life messages for the mobs. I am not accustomed to the conventions of court diction. However, I will think the matter over."

When the niece asked him, "Do you have any visions of a political nature, or any prophecies on a large international scale?" he replied: "A good idea! I have had some really strange experiences which I could not publish as fiction. There is something which has haunted me for the last two years. I don't know how to explain the nature of it to you. I cannot call it a dream, because I have seen it often while I have been sitting at my writing table. On other occasions it has appeared to me at twilight, before my dinner hour. I am not a believer in ghosts, nor in the spiritualistic explanation of phenomena; but I admit that I cannot account for this mysterious affair."

Asked if it was a vision he answered: "Something of that order, but very clear. So clear that I could draw a distinct picture of all that transpired. Furthermore, I can call up the vision at will. I am almost sure I could do it while you are here. The only difficulty is that I am not

able to write anything during the time of the manifestation. My hands are absolutely paralyzed."

When the woman remarked that she would be glad to write down what he might dictate, Tolstoi replied: "Very good! That settles the matter. I shall try for something immediately. There on the table are pencil and paper. Or use a pen—whatever you want."

Tolstoi then leaned back in his chair, covered his eyes with his hands, lapsed into what was apparently a comatose state, and for ten minutes remained motionless. Then, straightening up like one in a trance, he began in a low and hollow voice:

"This is a revelation of events of a universal character which must shortly come to pass. Their spiritual outlines are now before my eyes. I see floating upon the surface of the sea of human fate the huge silhouette of a nude woman. She is—with her beauty, poise, her smile, her jewels—a super-Venus. Nations rush madly after her, each of them eager to attract her especially. But she, like an eternal courtesan, flirts with all. In her hair ornament, of diamonds and rubies, is engraved her name, 'Commercialism.' As alluring and bewitching as she seems, much destruction and agony follow in her wake. Her breath, reeking of sordid transactions, her voice of metallic character like gold, and her look of greed are so much poison to the nations who fall victims to her charms.

"And, behold, she has three gigantic arms, with three torches of universal corruption in her hands. The first torch represents the flame of war, that the beautiful courtesan carries from city to city and country to country. Patriotism answers with flashes of honest flame, but the end is a roar of guns and of muskets.

"The second torch bears the flame of bigotry and hypocrisy. It lights the lamps only in temples and on the altars of sacred institutions. It carries the seed of falsity and fanaticism. It kindles the minds that are still in cradles and follows them to their graves.

"The third torch is that of the law, that dangerous foundation of all unauthentic traditions, which first does its fatal work in the family, then sweeps through the larger world of literature, art and statesmanship.

"The great conflagration will start about 1912, set by the torch of the first arm in the countries of southwestern Europe. It will develop into a destruction and calamity in 1913. In that year I see all Europe in flames and bleeding. I hear the lamentations of huge battlefields.

"But about the year 1915 the strange figure from the north—a new Napoleon—enters the stage of the bloody drama. He is a man of little militaristic training, a writer or a journalist, but in his grip most of Europe will remain until 1925.

"The end of the great calamity will mark a new political era for the Old World. There will be left no empires or kingdoms, but the world will form a federation of the United States of Nations. There will remain only four great giants—the Anglo-Saxons, the Latins, the Slavs, and the Mongolians.

"After the year 1925 I see a change in religious sentiment. The second torch of the courtesan has brought about the fall of the church. The ethical idea has almost vanished. Humanity is without moral feeling.

"But then a great reformer arises. He will clear the world of the relics of monotheism and lay the corner-stone of the temple of pantheism. God, soul, spirit and immortality will be molten in a new furnace, and I see the peaceful beginning of an ethical era. The man determined to this mission is a Mongolian Slav. He is already walking the earth—a man of active affairs. He himself does not now realize the mission assigned to him by superior powers.

"And, behold, the flame of the third torch, which has already begun to destroy our family relations, our standards of art and morals. The relation between woman and man is accepted as a prosaic partnership of the sexes. Art has become realistic degeneracy.

"Political and religious disturbances have shaken the spiritual foundations of all nations.

"Only small spots here and there have remained untouched by those three destructive flames. The anti-national wars in Europe, the class wars of America and the race wars in Asia have strangled progress for half a century. By then, in the middle of this century, I see a heroine of literature and art rising from the ranks of the Latins and Persians, the world of the tedious stuff of the obvious.

"It is the light of symbolism that shall outshine the light of the torch of commercialism. In place of polygamy and monogamy of today there will come a poetogamy—relations of the sexes based fundamentally on the poetic conceptions of life.

"And I see the nations growing larger and realizing that the alluring woman of their destiny is after all nothing but an illusion. There will be a time when the world will have no use for armies, hypocritical religions and degenerate art. Life is evolution, and evolution is development from the simple to the more complicated forms of the mind and body.

"I see the passing show of the world-drama in its present form, how it fades like the glow of evening upon the mountains. One motion of the hand of commercialism and a new history begins."

Opening his eyes finally and looking confused, Tolstai said, "I beg your pardon! Had I gone to sleep?"

When the vision talk was read to him a little later he said that it was correct. He was asked to sign the document and did so.

When the niece presented it to the Czar, he opened the document nervously and read it with much agitation. His remarks were:

"Well, it's very interesting. I will make a copy for myself, and forward the other copies, with translations, to the Kaiser of Germany and through him to the King of England. The original shall be kept in my private archives. I shall ask the Kaiser and the King not to make any comments on the matter, as I do not like to figure as an intermediary between them and the old man, whose seditious writings I do not like generally."

It was in 1912, we believe, that the niece disclosed this, saying then: "It is because I have heard that one of the royal principals is going to include the secret message in his private memoirs that I take this opportunity of publishing the whole truth about it, and how I received the unusual document. The Czar has told me repeatedly that the Kaiser of Germany thinks it is one of the most impressive literary prophecies of this age."

LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY CELEBRATES LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, began last Saturday a three day's celebration of Lincoln's birthday.

This was also in the furtherance of the movement to secure an endowment of one million dolars.

Governors of Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia gave addresses, and eminent men from various parts of the country were in attendance and participated. Addresses were given on such subjects as: "Lincoln on Labor," "Lincoln's

Attitude Toward Capital," "Lincoln, the Friend of the South," "Lincoln and the Constitution," "Lincoln's Diplomacy," and "Lincoln and Education." Henry R. Rathbone, son of the Major Rathbone who sat in Lincoln's box at the theatre on the night the President was assassinated, gave an address on "The Last Day of Lincoln."

General O. O. Howard, who founded the college, caught his inspiration from the lips of Lincoln. During the Civil War, while they were in conference at the White House, the President indicated Cumberland Gap on a map hanging on the wall and spoke in fervent tones of his affection for the mountaineers who made that region their home.

Gen. Howard never forgot, and when in a later campaign he found himself commanding troops in that vicinity, he had reason to know that Lincoln's judgment was well founded.

Blue and gray, symbolic of a reunited people, are the colors of the University.

Gen. Howard labored ardently to build up the University and was engaged in that work to the day of his death.

It is one of the pledges required of students going to Lincoln with the intention of earning their way that when they have finished the prescribed course they shall return to their home sections and teach those left behind. Thus at the outset the mountain boys and girls are enlisted as missionaries, and their whole college life is in keeping with these ideals.

Clan feuds have embittered the lives of many of the mountain folk. Heads of families have met their ends at the hands of neighbor enemies, and the sons have taken up the legacy of hate to avenge their deaths. This has been the mode of setting all disputes, and in the eyes of the mountaineer it has been a just mode.

But as the home conditions of the Cumberland Gap students improve through their awakened ambition and contact with the outside world the feudal conflicts have been fewer. The effect of the teaching of the graduates of Lincoln Memorial University have been felt in every section to which the newly inspired mountain boy or girl has returned.

Unfortunately, many young people have to be turned away. Young men and women come from the depths of the mountains by train, horseback, on foot; many with trunks, a few with handbags, some even hatless, and are forced to return, disappointed, because it is physically impossible for them to be accommodated. One young fellow, who was told in a kindly way that there was no room for him, replied:

"I didn't come here to board. I came to learn. I can sleep on the floor.'

He wasn't turned away. A niche was made for him, somehow.

The response of the mountain people to the efforts of the University to aid them has proved enthusiastic and enduring. Almost without exception the students go back to their backwoods homes determined to help build up the country—to spread the knowledge they struggled so hard to gain.

SOMETHING LEARNED ROM THE MANDAN INDIANS.

The department of anthropology of the American Museum of Natural History made recently some statements showing the value of the work it is doing. One related to the new Indian corn:

"One of the our field men, Dr. Gilbert L. Wilson, was delegated to collect material and study the agriculture of the Mandan Indians, who lived far up in the Dakotas. They had established their villages in this locality long before Columbus was born, and one of their agricultural pursuits was the raising of maize. In all of the great States of the Dakotas, Montana, and Wyoming, the farmers of to-day were unable to raise corn because of the shortness of the seasons, but investigations proved that the Mandans did successfully raise it, and to Dr. Wilson was given the problem, 'Ascertain how the Indians did it.' He found that there were a few old women who still had the precious seed and knew how to raise the corn. Had the investigation been longer delayed, in a few years these old women would have been dead and the secret lost. Through the Museum's publications the news was spread, professional agriculturists became busy, and the name of the American Museum has been ringing throughout the great Northwest.

"The Dakota Farmer, the greatest farming paper of this country, states in a recent issue of its publication, 'that we have doubled the corn belt, and will add billions upon billions of dollars to the national wealth.' Think of it, billions upon billions that would have been lost to the nation if we had not spent a paltry $76,970 for field work, of which sum less than $3,000 went into this one project."

LESSONS IN JOHN (VI.)

"I Am The Lord That Healeth Thee."

In the last number of "the Congregationalist" is an editorial with this heading, "The Gospel of Spiritual Approaches." The reference is, of course to the gospel of John, which so many of us are now studying in the Sunday School.

All our previous approaches, so varied, so intensely interesting, are eminently spiritual. We meet now, upon Jesus' return to Galilee, with a faith of a different order. A nobleman, in Herod Antipas' court, has a son fatally ill, unless there can be found a divine healer. The child is beyond the reach of all human remedies. The father has heard of some of the wonders that were wrought in Cana and Jerusalem, and like so many others in their extremity, he is ready to grasp at this last possible help. There is no doubt on his part of this wonder-worker's power to heal his son. But this is not a strong faith, though it is often the only form of faith that many can apprehend. It is enough that others believe. A woman's testimony gave confidence to the Samaritans, we have seen at the outset. But this is not the faith Jesus seeks. "Except ye see signs and wonders ye will in no wise believe." He is impatient of the universal demand for the sensuous. The Samaritans were to be especially commended that they repented without the need of miracles or a forerunner.

Just now, the pendulum has swung to the other extreme, and the modern agnostic balks when asked to accept miracles as aid to faith. But Jesus leaves a place for signs. When the nobleman pleads for his son's life, "Come down before my little son dies"; he mercifully defers to blinded faith; he makes partial belief a step to a broader, clearer, vision. And the man believed. Before, he was satisfied with the testimony of others. Now, he believes "the word" of Christ. It is not necessary that this wonderful healer should go down to Capernaium, and that the father should be a witness to the magical touch: Here was one who could heal at a distance; he believed "his word."

We would not confound our Lord's healing with those widely advertised recoveries of men and women of to-day. We note a wide difference. There was never any doubt about our Lord's ability to heal whatever he undertook; we expect no delay; nothing was too hard for him: He insisted upon the reality, the seriousness of the disorder, and he did not hesitate to give the diagnosis. He puts his

finger on the cause of all. He was the good physician. He carried health as other men carried contagious disease. He came to make men whole, to cure body and soul. As the physical presents itself first; was first in men's eyes, he could not ignore it, though he esteemed it of inferior consequence. Plato in his Republic would fine the doctors because they were accepting large fees to keep alive rich men who were living useless lives. Jesus never suffered sickness, nor death even, to triumph in his presence. His great mission, however, was to heal the malady of the soul. It fell to him, rst of all, to meet the challenge of the man weighed down by sin and remorse,

"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of the perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart."

A few years since there was no little interest in what was termed "the Emmanuel Movement." It was made very clear that the influence of the mind on the body had been too much ingored; that so many of the doubts and much of the melancholy, which the minister has to meet in his daily pastoral visitations, were due to bodily affections. "Make one my divided heart" prayed the Psalmist. And Peter said to Aeneas, "The Lord Jesus make Thee whole." Jesus in all his healings was most anxious to give the larger life, which, after all, is the best therapeutics for the body.

It is often noted that in this brief narrative the nobleman passed through three stages of faith. At first, he believed the Nazarene could heal his son. As we have seen his faith was wonderfully enlarged and changed, when assured by the servants of the exact time, and the fact of his son's recovery. But later on sickness or health, life or death, were of inferior account; he had entered into eternal followship with the Lord of life, and was at peace, as were all his house. This was the second marked miracle in Galilee. "And his disciples believed on him."

"It was this gospel," testifies Andrew Murray, "that brought Canon Battersby into the full enjoyment of rest. He had been a most godly man, but had lived the life of failure. He saw in this story what it was to rest on the Word and trust the saving power of Jesus and from that night he was a changed man. He went home to testify of it, and under God, he was allowed to originate the well known Keswick Convention."

San Diego, Cal.

OPTIGRAMS.

By Hugh Elmer Brown.

Two good reasons for worship: To get away from yourself and to find yourself.

Let us keep in cordial sympathy with all who are trying to find and do the will of God.

Follow the feet of Him who in fewest days finished the most perfect work.

Life cascades like a mountain stream in the heart of a boy—down from the blue peaks of childhood towards the great plains of maturity.

Doctrines done up in moth balls need much airing before wearing.

Christianity is short on prohibitions and long on inspirations and enthusiasms.

A perpetual drizzle of "Don'ts" is a poor climate in which to develop ruddy, sunny character.

Some carry around complaints like a peddler his pack; they do not "show their lighted side."

Hard workers are seldom gloom-drenched; their work drains off gloom and morbid mood.

The first great business of life is to open our kitten-blind eyes to see God; second, to see one another!

Interpretations of Christianity which tend to eliminate the personal note are a bit lonesome, and of course contrary to the radiant emphasis of the Gospels.

One trouble with our modern pace is that the more "time we save" the less we seem to have.

Stagnation is indefensible; but so also is our mania for speed, which brings "the pace that kills."

Our inventions turn the night into day, and still our leisure is less than of old; still we quick-lunch ourselves to early graves.

The pace kills thoroughness and calls shoddiness to the seat of honor; it has no time for the final, caressing, finishing touch.

The pace kills fairness for judgment. Thus the Psalmist: "I said in my haste, all men are liars."

The pace kills courtesy; we are too hurried to be gracious, too driven to stop for the "parlor-stuff."

The pace kills good nature; it files the nerves to a keen edge; it spades up the soil for irritability of temper.

The huge god Hurry has a throng of devotees. His first commandment is: "Break the Record!"

We "bolt" our food, our work, our play, our books, our sleep, our home-life, our worship.

The children have caught the habit; they have learned how to put the sting in the adjective "slow" and then how to slap it on home, school or church.

Enoch walked with God; we want to ride with Him, or fly with Him. We cannot "wait upon God" without getting the fidgets!

Cometh the divine word: "Be still and know that I am God." Put up the car for a season and walk with sun and moon and stars.

THE NEW HOME MISSIONARY SUPERINTENDENT IN WASHINGTON.

The Rev. Dr. L. O. Baird has entered on his work as Home Missionary Superintendent in Washington. He came first to Washington in 1890 as a member of the Yale Band. The following sketch entitled "Dr. Baird and the Yale Band" was written by President Penrose of Whitman College:

"Lucius Olmstead Baird graduated from Yale College in 1885. He was universally known as Deacon, having been elected Class Deacon early in his course, and having won the respect and admiration of his classmates by his sterling character and strong religious zeal. His tall handsome form and personal atractiveness also helped to make him a noted figure in the class. Few members were more respected and liked than he. The Yale-Washington Band was a group of six members of the class of '90 Yale Divinity School who had decided that they would co-operate in a new plan for home missionary work. Baird was one of the leaders in the undertaking and was one of the strongest members of the band. Having been offered by the Home Missionary Society our choice of fields, we decided that the state of Washington had the most promising future of any state in the Union, and that therefore, the work of the band would tell more there for the Kingdom of God than anywhere else. In September 1890 we came to this state and Baird was located as pastor of the church at Pullman. The State College had not yet been located or organized at the time. The other members of the band were settled on the arc of a circle reaching from Dayton to Spokane, including Pataha, Genesee, Pullman, Medical Lake and Spokane. The band idea was that the members of the organization should

each do his best work in his own field, but also unite with the other members in a joint work for the stimulation of each field. Every winter a band meeting was held in each place; the first with all six members present, but after the first year, the demands of the fields made it necessary to cut down the representation, and two simultaneous meetings would be held with three members at each.

"As I look back over a quarter of a century upon the work of the band, I see Baird as a bright, hopeful, enthusiastic spirit, taking the lead in every good work and proving an inspiration to the other members of the band as well as to the people of his own parish. He was absolutely single-handed and devoted, gifted with shrewd commonsense and practical business experience, but preserving in a rare degree the fine idealism and enthusiasm of youth. He may have been discouraged at times, but he never showed it. His heart was strong and his faith unwavering. I rejoice that the state of Washington is to receive him again after twenty years of conspicuously useful service in the middle west. I am sure that he will make a rare superintendent, combining business caution with far-sighted devotion to the future needs of this great field."

Secretary Hinman of the American Missionary Association writes of Dr. Baird and his later work:

"It's probably in the blood. A man who has lived this side the Rockies who has loved this country and put some of his life into it, cannot forget its attraction nor ignore its call. Lucius O. Baird was one of the men who laid the foundation of Congregational Washington, and the task of building up the splendid structure on the foundations which he, with Penrose, Lincoln Smith and others, laid so well must appeal to him tremendously.

"The staff of leaders in the army of Washington Congregationalism changes so often that there will be many who did not know Dr. Baird when he was a pastor at Pullman and who have not known intimately his work since. He did distinguished service as a pastor in Omaha, and for the last five years, in the position of secretary of the American Missionary Association for the Western District, has shown himself one of our ablest organizers and inspirer of missionary interest.

"Of fine, strong presence, his genial, brotherly spirit evokes not only the cordial good will of his fellow laborers, but a real enthusiasm for him as a leader. As an executive and an organizer of co-operative service, he has shown marked ability, and has accomplished things in missionary publicity that have put him in the front rank of missionary secretaries. Though having only a limited opportunity to visit the fields of the American Missionary Association, he made himself most welcome everywhere, and will commend himself as thoroughly in his administrative service for the Conference as in his inspiration of the churches to larger and more generous support of their missionary enterprises.

"Dr. Baird has a comprehensive view of the missionary task of the churches. Few Congregational leaders have revealed in their work a more cordial appreciation of the whole missionary task. He will bring to the life of the Conference an enthusiasm for nation-wide and world-wide service which will make the building up of the churches in the state not an onerous task, but a condition for the fulfillment of that great program of service which Christ has set before his people."

REST DAY IN OREGON.

G. L. Tufts, Ph.D.

The one day of rest in seven bill, introduced in the Oregon Legislature by request of the State Federation of Labor and the Weekly Rest Day League, was railroaded to its burial by the unfriendly Judiciary Comittee of the Senate, Senator Vinton of Yamhill County, Chairman. There were two causes for the killing of this meritorious bill, which the vast majority of the people would approve. The chief one was because it was a bill to protect labor, and the ear of the Senate is turned more toward the demands of capital. The other cause was that some members feared it was a step toward Sunday closing. Senator Dimick of Clackamas County, who introduced the bill after several church members had refused to do so, deserves to be remembered with favor.

The bill which provided for the closing of mercantile establishments on Sunday, was introduced in the House by Mr. Gore of Medford, at the request of the League and of the Oregon Retail Grocers' Association. The Committee reported that the bill do not pass chiefly because they did not favor the enactment of a Sunday law by the Legislature just after the people had voted to repeal the old law. It was what we had anticipated and predicted would be the result of the repeal of the former statute. But we decided to test the matter so as to convince all the friends of Sunday closing that the only method by which such a law can be obtained is through the initiative. It was because of this conviction that the Central Committee of the Weekly Rest Day League launched the movement for an initiative ballot at the last election. Had it received the same hearty support by pastors and churches that was given to the prohibition bill, Oregon would now have an excellent Sunday law.

But since prohibition is settled, if all the friends of the Sabbath will swing into line for a two years' campaign, we shall hope to obtain at the next general election a majority vote outlawing all commercialized Sunday amusements and all unnecessary Sunday business and labor. This is now the most vital moral issue before the churches of Oregon. "No Sabbath, no Church."

THE QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA BRANCH OF THE W. B. M. P. AND THE WOMEN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.

The attractive auditorium of Pilgrim Church, Oakland, was well filled on Thursday morning, February 1st, an array of autos outside testifying to the presence of a number of out-of-town friends.

In the quiet opening moments there was held a memorial service for Mrs. Botsford, so recently passed from among us, in which Mrs. Dr. Adams gave personal recollections of the years they were associated together in the First Church of San Francisco. One of Mrs. Botsford's last acts was bidding farewell at the steamer to a young Japanese woman who had been converted in this country and was returning to Japan. She carried with her a packet of seeds from Mrs. Botsford's own garden.

After a prayer and a hymn the minutes and a combined report were read by Mrs. Miles Fisher in the absence of Miss Merriam, the secretary. Mrs. Huber Burr was elected secretary pro tem.

The first speaker was Mrs. Kofoid, but recently returned from the Orient where she spent many weeks in company with her husband, who was bent on scientific research in connection with his work at the University of California. She told most interestingly of their experiences, presenting a contrast in Madura, India, between the great heathen temple, in which she found nothing beautiful or ennobling, and the fine American Board Hospital in which Dr. Harriet Parker is doing such splendid work as head of the Woman's

Department. A clinic under the care of native physicians was visited, as well as patients in native homes. She spoke so admiringly of the Tamil doctors who seem to have a special gift for the profession.

In Nikko, Japan, the native temple was so beautiful in its surroundings and appointments that she wondered if she could get the same sense of contrast, but found that at heart the priests had very little to offer the troubled soul other than a few magic passes with a sacred wand. The real force of Christianity as opposed to Buddhism was beautifully shown by the story of a priest who undertook a comparative study of the two religions in company with Dr. Horatio Newell of Matsuyama, which resulted in his complete surrender to Christ's teaching. He is but one of many Buddhist priests who are now in the Christian ministry. The influence of the Christians in Japan is all out of proportion to their numbers.

She also told the story of the notorious thief of Kobe who was converted by reading the Bible found in his prison cell, and whose subsequent labors for the good of mankind through his Christian ministry were recognized by the government, so that on a notable occasion he was given the scroll containing the record of his crimes, being told that they were by that act taken from out of the official register. Could there be a more fitting illustration of the promise, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow"?

Dr. Birlew, out of her busy and useful life, came to tell us of her experiences as a bride in a Home Mission field. Herself the daughter of Dr. Burnham, a missionary hero of Mexico, and speaking Spanish fluently, as did her husband, it was but natural that their field should be one near the border-line in New Mexico. We were given glimpses into the missionary's home life on the frontier and were made to smile over the story of the sort of missionary box which, fortunately, is not sent out any more.

The luncheon was thoroughly enjoyed, the usual roll call being followed by a symposium on the subject, "Our Best Meeting," which proved very stimulating and helpful.

In the early afternoon was held a memorial service for Miss Laura Richards, who after a year of absence from active duty was called home in January. Miss Ayres of Saratoga sang very beautifully, after which Mrs. E. V. Krick gave a brief sketch of Miss Richard's life as connected with the work she loved so well. She was the only president the Branch ever had, its organization being largely due to her efforts. We were made to realize afresh how much we will miss her wise and loving leadership.

Prayer and another song by Miss Ayres closed this beautiful service.

The cause of the immigrant was presented by Dr. William P. Shriver of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions who noted the fact that writers who deal with immigration from a theoretical standpoint merely, usually come to the conclusion that the immigrant is undersirable, while those who come in contact with the foreigner on a personal basis are favorably inclined. He contended that immigrants are just "folks" with hopes and aspirations akin to the best of us. A Bulgarian father was mentioned who worked 12 hours a day and seven days a week at hard and disagreeable labor in order to send home money that would give his two sons the privilege of attending a Congregational College in Bulgaria.

He urged more practical demonstration of our interest in the foreigners as we come in daily contact with them.

At the close of this address Mrs. Ferrier gave notice of the meeting of the Yu Ai Kai or Friendly Love Society for Foreign Women to be held in Hotel Oakland, which seemed singularly apropos to the subject, showing that our women are fully alive to the needs of such appeals as had been made.

Miss Grace Fisher spoke in behalf of the mission study textbook, "World Missions and World Peace," testifying to its great value and the need of a larger intelligence concerning the history of missionary effort and its relation to the subject so uppermost in our thoughts these days. The Lenten season affords a very suitable time for the perusal of this study, either in classes or at the Wednesday night prayer meeting. At this point we listened to a beautiful solo by Miss Elizabeth Wilcox.

It was a rare privilege to have with us Mrs. Emrich of Mardin, Turkey, with her story of events in Turkey at the beginning of the war and their journey out occasioned by illness. She implored us to really sense what is being suffered by those poor unfortunates, not as so much newspaper print, but in terms which would bring the truth home to our hearts. The gigantic proportions and the crafty skill of the plot to exterminate the Armenian nation were characterized as quite beyond the ability of the Turk unaided: the disarming of all Armenians in the army by means of orders which assigned them to the drudgery of army life, the seizing of all Armenian men in the professions, thus depriving the nation of leaders, and the final attack upon the women and children in deportation. Not even the Turks themselves were willing to perform the last act, that of distributing the young girls around among the harems of the city, but opened their prisons and let loose the scum of civilization to accomplish it. But from out this blackness of darkness the missionary spirit spoke and voiced the belief that the seeds of Christian life that were in this way being scattered in Moslem homes might bring results that we scarcely have imagination enough to compass. The Turk, unspeakable as he is, is still a soul to be saved and is God not equal to the task, save as we limit Him by our indifference? E. S. B.

RUINS OF AN AZTEC VILLAGE FOUND IN ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO.

What he believes to be the home of the Aztecs, before they emigrated to Mexico City, has been found by a Forest Ranger in the Peloncilla and Animas mountains, and the valley that lies between those ranges. In this remote and wild region in the corners of New Mexico and Arizona on the Mexican border he has discovered traces of a condition of life that approached civilization, and which ended doubtless long before Columbus arrived on this continent.

Innumerable picture writings are found, mostly in caves where they are protected from the elements. These pictures as a rule are graven on the rock, but in some of the better protected places there are paintiings done in red or black. In his report to his chief, the ranger says:

"As I run across these diaries of the original forest rangers, I grasp at any link that will bear investigation, and yet lead to the fact that these records are the mute evidence that this is the oldest and original seat of the Indians as a nation.

"No wandering tribe ever carried out an undertaking of great magnitude anything as extensive as the levee shown on this district map. But here was built a levee of sufficient width for a double track road of a graceful curve and uniform height for nine miles into the foothills of Chiricahua, Mex.

"Near here are the ruins of a casa grande, in which I

found the highest type of finished arrows, of numerous types and sizes, within the outer wall, while those without were heavy and of a cruder form.

"Many of the caves, where the rooms are limited yet the grinding bowls numerous, show that they were never intended as residences but places of refuge, selected carefully so that the trip for water was short, and also giving a distant view of the approach and to provide protection from the rear.

"Some of the engravings found may lend a strong support to the claim of Chinese Chronicler Hui Sen, who lived in the Sixth Century, that North America was known to the Chinese under the name of Fusang or Fusu. It was said to be a continent lying 6000 miles to the east of Asia. He said that five Buddhist priests sailed from China to Fusa, landing in what is now Mexico, where they taught their religion to the natives and built temples."

The pictures graven on the rocks cover an area possibly 50 miles square. Some of the pictures show considerable skill in draftsmanship, and some would seem to depict religious rites. Most of them however, are pictures of animals. Some of the animals are well drawn, and the figures of the men all express action. In some of the more sheltered caves there are paintings done in red or black, usually of some symbolic subject.

SAN DIEGO, FIRST CHURCH.

The recent annual meeting reports showed receipts from all sources to have been above $13,000. All bills for 1916 were paid and there was a balance of $176.

The building fund pledges amount now to $5,138.

Reports of benevolences showed about $2,400 passing through the weekly offering fund for missions and about $600 more through the Woman's Union.

Mr. Gilmore retires from the treasurership after seventeen years of service, with a hearty vote of thanks from the church. Thomas F. Helm is his successor.

Captain Smith retires from the chairmanship of the committee on Oriental Missions in San Diego, after years of faithful work. Irving T. Brockett was chosen as his successor.

DR. MEREDITH'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATED IN PASADENA.

On Feb. 8 a group of friends composed of ministers and their wives gathered at a dinner at Hotel Maryland to celebrate the 80th anniversary of the birth of Dr. Robt. R. Meredith. Dr. D. F. Fox of First Church acted as toastmaster, and among those who paid tribute to the honored gues were Pres. Blaisdell of Pomona College, Dr. Geo. F. Hall of Pasadena and Dr. James M. Campbell of Claremont. Dr. Meredith responded in a happy vein, and the evening proved to be one of such pleasure as only they can enjoy who relax for a little from constant activities involving the deeper and more serious side of living.

On the Sunday following Dr. Meredith occupied the pulpit of First Church, receiving a spontaneous and hearty ovation from the congregation, who remember with appreciation his seven years of ministry among them.

In introducing the speaker, Dr. Fox, with graceful courtesy, presented him with a cluster of exquisite roses that adorned the platform. Dr. Meredith's theme, "The Meaning of Prayer," was handled with his accustomed vigor and with the spiritual power given only to men with a lifetime of rich experience.

The theme was in accord with the study of prayer now being followed out in the Wednesday evening meetings, which has interested the largest number of people ever gathered in the First Church prayermeetings. The textbook for the study is Fosdick's "The Meaning of Prayer."

The Sunday evening service, too, is taking the form of a study, in a series of addresses by the pastor on "How We Got the Greatest Book in the World." These talks are illustrated with slides showing copies of ancient manuscripts, historical places connected with the developing thought of the series, etc., and are proving themselves of real uplift and inspiration to large congregations.

Ten persons were received into the fellowship of the church on Feb. 4. L. M. A.

LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT MEETING.

Monday next a meeting will be held in the Y. M. C. A. Building in San Francisco. The program is as follows:

Ministerial Conference, 10:30 A. M.

1. Address, Missionary Education, Herbert S. Johnson. Conference conducted by Ernest F. Hall.
2. Address, Missionary Finance, Fred A. Agar. Conference conducted by Arthur W. Rider.

Missionary Institute, 2:30 P. M.

1. Address by Herbert S. Johnson.
2. Institute conducted by Dr. Doughty and others.

(Women's Missionary Organizations and Young Peoples Societies invited as well as laymen and ministers.)

Decennial Dinner, 6:30 P. M.

Wm. E. Doughty, "The Cost of World Conquest."
Fred A. Agar, "Mobilizing the Christian Forces."
Herbert S. Johnson, "America And the Present World Crisis.'

Other Meetings.

Sacramento, February 20, Y. M. C. A.
Visalia, February 23, First Presbyterian Church.
Los Angeles, February 26, Y. M. C. A.; First M. E. Church; Broadway Department Store Cafe.
San Diego, March 1, Central Christian Church.
Riverside, March 5, Y. M. C. A.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer is planning a trip to Japan in April.

The Congregational Church at San Bernardino celebrates its fiftieth anniversary this week and next Sunday dedicates its new building.

The Monday meeting of the ministers in San Francisco will be omitted next week on account of the missionary meetings in Y. M. C. A.

Dr. Washington Gladden has been engaged to supply the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles for several Sundays.

Dr. Aked has been asked to supply the pulpit of the Congregational Church at Riverside for six monhs and has accepted the invitation. He is to begin after Easter.

Arrangements have been made for the Rev. Henry Frank of New York to come to San Francisco for a month and hold Sunday services in one of the theaters, with a view to permanent work.

The Ministerial Union of Alameda County has appointed the Rev. Roy H. Campbell of Oakland a regular fraternal delegate to the Central Labor Council. There has been

no such representation since the departure from Oakland of the Rev. Charles R. Brown.

The pioneers are passing away. The calendar of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco contained this note last Sunday: "Mr. W. Frank Whittier died on January 26th. The passing of Mr. Whittier calls for more than ordinary notice from this church. For nearly thirty years he served upon its Board of Trustees and more than sixty years was a regular and liberal contributor to its current expense and benevolences. One of the last acts of his life was to send a contribution to the Deacon's Fund for the support of the poor of the Church. While he never identified himself with the membership of the Church, his assistance in its material interests was a large factor in its spiritual power and influence, and his name will ever be held in grateful memory."

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

One of the best beloved women of the Congregational churches of Oregon, and one of the most consecrated workers in the church, Mrs. Eunice Waters Luckey, died at the family residence in this city on Jan. 14th at the age of sixty-four years and seventeen days. She was born in Cohassett, Massachusetts, December 28, 1852, of English ancestry, and lived there until she was fifteen years of age, meanwhile securing an academic education. When twelve years old she became a member of the Congregational church of that place. In 1868 she went to Missouri, remaining a year, and in 1869 came to Oregon to join her parents who had preceded her, Mr. and Mrs. Abner Robbins, who were then living in Douglas county. Her route thither was by the first transcontinental railroad to San Francisco, thence to Portland by steamship, and to Wilbur by stage. There she found an academy of that name, established in the interest of the Methodist Episcopal Church by Rev. James H. Wilbur, a famous preacher in the church annals of Oregon, who came from Lowville, New York, to Oregon via Cape Horn in 1847. "Father Wilbur," as he was affectionately called by Christian people of all denominations and by people who had no church affiliations, was the organizer and builder of the first church in Portland in 1848-50.

As a young girl Mrs. Luckey attended Wilbur Academy for a time and prepared herself for teaching, and followed that avocation for several years as opportunity offered in Douglas, Harney and Crook counties, and The Dalles, in Wasco county.

On July 7, 1881, she was married at The Dalles to James C. Luckey, a pioneer of 1852. Then for several years she had a good deal to do in the Indian service, her husband being one of the employees on the Warm Springs reservation for eleven years, and agent on that reservation most of the time during the Harrison administration, 1889-93.

In 1892 Mr. and Mrs. Luckey removed to Portland, and she at once united with the First Congregational Church, and her influence was strongly felt the remainder of her exceedingly useful life. She was a corporate member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and at one time was vice-president of the National Woman's Home Missionary Federation, and a member of the Advisory Board of the Indian Board of Co-operation.

In addition to her church work, where she was always most efficient, she was interested in other lines of effort, particularly in connection with education. She was a member of the Oregon Historical Society and through her early acquaintances in Massachusetts was able to open up an avenue of correspondence by means of which your Oregon correspondent in 1901 secured two tools which in 1773 were used in the construction of the ship Columbia, the vessel in which Captain Robert Gray sailed into the river of that name on May 11, 1792, and which he christened after his ship on May 19th of that year. This was the first American vessel to circumnavigate the globe, also the first to carry the Stars and Stripes upon such a voyage.

By the death of her father Mrs. Luckey inherited a considerable sum of money. This she regarded as a trust fund, and used it in numerous ways in aiding struggling churches. Among other bequests designated in her will was one of one thousand dollars to the benevolent fund of the First Congregational Church. She is survived by her husband and one child—a daughter, a gifted Christian lady, who, stimulated by her mother's example, is doing good work for the Kingdom.

The Congregational church at Forest Grove has called Rev. A. B. Patten of Sacramento, Cal., to its pastorate, a vacancy having been caused by the resignation of Rev. O. H. Holmes, who accepted a call in December last to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of Walla Walla. Removal from the State made it necessary for Mr. Holmes to resign from the Parole Board of the State Penitentiary, and Rev. James Elvin, of the First Congregational Church of Salem, has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

Portland, February 4, 1917.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

The evangelistic campaign is going on quite satisfactorily. Among the conspicuous results at Plymouth church is an increased evangelistic spirit among the church members, and giving the pastor the largest audiences he has ever had the last two Sunday mornings. At this time meetings are held at Pilgrim and Lidgerwood churches, and at Vera and Ritzville. The pastors are assisting one another systematically. Evangelist Fawcette is conducting a series of meetings at Plummer, Ida.

Last Sunday evening the three churches of Cheney—Methodist, "Christian" and Congregational, entered upon a four weeks' series of meetings conducted by the pastors. The regular Sunday morning service will be held by each individual church, but all will join in the union service in the evening. A singing evangelist, Rev. Le Roy St. John, has been engaged as soloist and director of the chorus. Rev. W. P. Ames, pastor of the Congregational church, has the following in the church calendar: "As we all realize how much may be done which needs to be done in our city in a spiritual way, may we not all be found in a unity of mind and heart as the meetings open, soberly, sympathetically and gladly sustaining this organized effort of the churches for the highest good of the city, praying for God's blessing in the meetings and that our own hearts may be touched by the Spirit to a deeper personal fellowship with our Lord, "a closer walk with God," and a more faithful helpfulness every way in all the spiritual fellowship and ministry of our churches and our community."

Rev. William Worthington has been called to the Deer Park church and has begun work, and we bespeak for him a fruitful ministry.

Dr. Harper gave a report of the meeting of the superintendents and directors of the National Home Missionary Society, held at Chicago, at the Alliance Monday morning. It was a great gathering and much good is expected from it.

The funeral service of the late Rev. H. T. Cowley was held at the Westminster church last Sunday afternoon,

when a large audience was present. It was conducted by Dr. Harper, and the principal address given by Jonathan Edwards. The pioneers were largely in attendance.

Spokane, Wash. J. EDWARDS.

The Home

A GOOD WORLD AFTER ALL!

We take our share of fretting,
Of grieving and forgetting;
The paths are often rough and steep, and heedless feet may fall;
But yet the days are cheery,
And night brings rest when weary,
And somehow this old planet is a good world, after all.

Though sharp may be our trouble,
The joys are more than double,
The brave surpass the cowards and the leal are like a wall.
To guard their dearest ever,
To fail the feeblest never,
And somehow this old earth remains a bright world, after all.

There's always love that's caring
And shielding and forebearing,
Dear woman's love to hold us close and keep our hearts in thrall;
There's home to share together
In calm or stormy weather,
And while the heart-flame burns it is a good world, after all.

The chance of happy choices,
The lisp of children's voices,
The bugle sounds of hope and faith, through fogs and mists that call;
The heaven that stretches o'er us,
The better days before us,
They all combine to make this earth a good world, after all.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

"AVENUES OF ESCAPE."

"Now there are many avenues of escape from the ordinary self, and each of them helps, in its own way, to foster the growth of the soul."—The Creed of Buddha.

Over the telephone one of the sweetest voices that I ever heard said to me:

"Won't you please come over and sit with me this evening? I am so lonesome; you know, I cannot get away from myself!"

Such an attractive woman she is, well-read, a maker of lasting friends; travelled, the mother of children, and unwilling to be left alone; a woman devoid of resources within and of avenues of escape from herself. For this is a chronic state with her. So I went to her. And as I entered her beautiful home, replete with comforts and luxuries, cluttered with books and beautiful pictures, a desk full of letters and papers, I tried to discover what might be the cause of this state of mind. In fact, I talked about it with her.

She said that always she had this feeling, even in childhood. She could not remember ever liking to be alone.

"Perhaps," I ventured, "you may have had too good a mother."

"What do you mean? How could one have too good a mother? Mine certainly was devoted; she slaved for me from morning till night, and devoted every moment to giving me a good time. Don't I remember the jolly parties she used to get up for me? I never was half-grateful enough. When I think of the tireless ingenuity she devoted to inventing amusements for me; I never had a moment's ennui then——"

"Exactly," I said.

"You don't mean that that has anything to do with the way I feel now, at fifty?"

"Why not? You have said enough already to explain why you are unable to entertain yourself for an hour. The dear, good mother who used to be your source of initiative is gone now, and you never discovered or created any source within yourself. All of your inspirations and incentives have to come from outside of you."

That little girl never was allowed to think for herself; to develop her own resources of invention and adaptation; to find in the world about her the innumerable resources of interest and enthusiasm that invite discovery; she never was permitted to exercise her own individuality. Her mother, like thousands of other mothers, especially in our over-civilized circle of the well-to-do, feared to leave the child to develop along any lines of her own instinct.

"The individuality of the child is the divinity in it," says James L. Hughes. "It is the element that should do most for the child and for the world."

Real personality is the basis of strength of character, and personality, in any sense of the word that amounts to anything, can be developed only by the exercise of individual taste, initiative, and judgment. The mother who, in blind, devoted love, hovers over her child, thinking, planning, fairly feeling for the child, allowing it no opportunity to work out its own character and find or make its own resources, is ignorantly stunting the personality, walling up the "avenues of escape," which cannot be found again at fifty.

I often think the children of the poor have an advantage here; the hard-working mother of six children must of necessity leave them to work out their own problems, find their own amusements, exercise their own initiative. Unfortunately this goes far over to the other extreme, and means neglect. But of the two—I wonder.

In the very small child begins the opportunity for self-expression. Yes, I do keep harping and harping on that! There is no such thing as "too early" in the development of a child. From its earliest infancy give it liberty, freedom of expression; help it to observe and gather impressions, and experiment, and make its own deductions. Let your child make mistakes; your function is only to see that the mistakes are not costly beyond its power of endurance. It is a chiefly by our mistakes that we learn. What is "experience" but the sum total of our mistakes? Only in a limited degree can experience be acquired second-hand.

By liberty of self-expression I do not mean that you should have a lawless, disobedient child; very far from it. Your guiding hand should be firm, and your government definite and purposeful. There is a vast difference between this and the fussing, clucking mother-hen attitude taken by so many "devoted" mothers. In each child there is from the outset something definitely different, peculiar to itself—its own separate personality, which should be watched and fostered and developed as the most important thing in the whole world.

It is through its senses that the little child seeks out and opens the avenues to the world about him; here a little and

there a little he ventures out; so on until he really finds his true self and the ways that suit his own feet. You cannot do too much in the cultivation of keen senses, accuracy of sight and hearing and touch; true judgment of quality, texture, form, and color—these are the basic judgments which afterward exert themselves in assessment of higher things. "To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, religion, all in one."

The character which is brought up dependent upon others for entertainment and stimuli becomes one blind to half the beauties and wonders of the world, shut in a spiritual prison always waiting for some one else to come and hold open the door. Strength comes only from "working out your own salvation." If the child is not allowed, nay, compelled, to do his own thinking and choosing and planning—within the lines of reasonable safety, to be sure—he never will learn to do it after—he passes out beyond your guidance. Col. Francis W. Parker put it ihis way:

"The principal business of the parent is to equip and train the child so that at the earliest possible moment he can get along without parents."

Millions fail in life because they are never clearly conscious of their own personal power. Every personal failure retards the progress of the race. The whole procession has to wait until the laggard catches up. The man or woman who stays helplessly within the prison of limited personality, until some one else comes and helps him limp outside, is a pitiable sight. A child, taught to observe and enjoy everything about him, with love and consideration for others, sharing his enthusiasms with those about him as he works out his own character, will be a blessing to mankind, a leader among his fellows, never hanging back in the fear of his own society until some one else comes to cheer his loneliness.

My friend, at fifty, has not yet found herself. Somewhere back along the years a terrible mistake was made. A wise mother is rare to find. The person with many resources within himself is an even rarer thing.—Prudence Bradish in New York Post.

For The Children.

HOW ROBIN'S KITE LEARNED TO FLY.

One cloudy, rainy day, little boy Robin said: "Oh, I feel so sick because it rains. I think I want to make a kite."

Grandmother lifted her spectacles from her nose and smiled with her twinkly blue eyes.

"I know where there is a big sheet of strong wrapping paper," she said.

Grandfather laid down his book.

"I can find some splints in the wood-basket for you," he said.

So Robin brought out his own pair of shiny scissors that hung on a nail in the kitchen. He found his own little jar of paste. Then he spread out all his things on the kitchen table and went to work. Snip, snap, went the scissors, jack-knife, whittling splints from the kindlings in the wood-basket. Splash went the paste-brush, and there was little boy Robin's kite all done, with a long newspaper tail and a long string to fly it by.

By that time the rain all over and the sun was peeping out.

"I am going out to fly my kite," said little boy Robin.

Mother helped him put on his red cap and his red mittens. Grandfather waved his hand from the kitchen window, and little boy Robin ran up and down the garden path with his new kite. But, oh, the kite would not fly at all! It just tramped along the ground after Robin, dragging its tail in the wet grass and looking very unhappy.

"It hasn't learned how to fly yet," said little boy Robin, "and I can't show it how." Then he sat down on a stone and squeezed out two big tears.

An old gray mole came along just then and stopped in front of Robin.

"What's up, little boy," he said.

"Oh," sobbed Robin, "I have a little new kite and it doesn't know how to fly."

"If I should be out when the wind goes by,
I'll tell him. He teaches the kites to fly."

said the old gray mole. Then he hurried off to dig long tunnels under the garden beds and presently forgot all about his promise. Robin waited, but the wind did not come by.

Pretty soon along came a cheerful brown sparrow.

"What is the trouble, little boy?" chirped the sparrow.

"My kite doesn't know how to fly," said little boy Robin.

The cheerful sparrow began to hop up and down in the garden path in front of the kite. He spread his wngs and flapped them, and sad:—

"This way and that way, just stand up and try
That's the way father taught me how to fly.

The kite just lay very still, and presently the cheerful sparrow flew off to gather straw and hen's feathers for a new nest.

Little boy Robin cried two more tears, until a withered last year's leaf heard him and rustled;—

"Look at the tops of the garden trees,
Something is coming—a new little breeze!"

Robin looked up very high. Surely, the tops of the trees were moving. He kept very still, for he did not wish to frighten the new little breeze. At last down came the breeze to the ground and began tugging at the kite's tail, but still the kite would not fly. Off went the breeze and came back with two other little breezes, who pushed and pulled, too; but the kite would not fly.

Let's go to the woods where the west wind's at play,"

"I'll make that kite fly if it takes me all day.

said the first little breeze.

So the three little brezes hurried off to find the old west wind, and they told him all about the kite in little boy Robin's garden that would not fly.

"Oh, ho," said the old west wind, "we'll see about that directly."

Down the road went the old west wind, with the three little breezes in front to show him the way. Over the gate he rushed and pulled off little boy Robin's red cap and tossed it into the currant bushes. Then in half a minute he made the kite stand and spread its tail, and off it flew as far as the string would let it go. Why, it even wanted to go on farther. You can't think how it tugged and tugged.

So Robin ran up and down the garden path with the kite flying high behind him. The old gray mole came out of his tunnel to see. The brown sparrow stopped with a bill full of nest stuff to watch. The withered last year's leaf followed merrily along the path. And little boy Robin waved his red mitten to grandfather in the kitchen window to tell him that the little new kite had learned how to fl.—Caroline S. Bailey, in Kindergarten Review.

Action does not always bring happiness, but there is no happiness without it.—Disraeli.

THE BROOK AND THE WATER WHEEL.

The water wheel in a gristmill went round and round, by day and by night, without stopping. Said the brook one day, as it passed over the wheel:

" Are you not tired of being always at work, and of doing the same thing today that you did yesterday? When I have done my work in making you turn, I glide on and take my pleasure in flowing through the fields and woods."

"But my pleasure," replied the wheel, "is in continuing to work and go round and round grinding up the corn."

"Yesterday," continued the brook "as I flowed through the meadow, I heard some people who were wandering there say how beautiful I was, and what sweet music I made as I rippled over the stones."

"And no doubt they said what was true," replied the wheel, "but it could never be said of me. How would I look rolling through the meadow? I would not be admired by others, nor would I enjoy it myself."

"You are to be admired for your humility," said the brook, "in being contented with so dismal a place."

"Not at all," replied the wheel, "for when this place was given me, I was given also a liking for it."

"But do you not long for the sunlight and the breeze and a sight of the birds and the flowers?"

"No more than you do for this dim chamber under the mill. Here I was made to dwell, and here I am satisfied to be. I greet you tumbling in from the mountainside over my head, and bid you adieu as you flow joyously under my feet; but I do not long to follow you. Even in this dim twilight I revolve and listen to the sound of the grinding. I delight to hear the farmer drive his team to the mill door loaded with grain, and afterward haul it away when I have made it into flour for his wife and children to eat. I am content nor for duty's sake alone, but because the place accords with my nature and therefore it is my choice."—Charles Foster in "New Lights on Old Paths."

"Better late than never" is not half so good a maxim as "Better never late."—Anon.

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